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FROM THE U. S. SATURDAY POST

TO THE SKYLARK.

Well be! the cloud that bears,
Well be! the voice that sings,
Balm to the early air,
At wander round their wings,
Heaven's own dew created new
Rich around thy way,
Shadows of the roses strew
The pathways of the day.

thy pure heart beats 'mid the blue
Beyond the cloud on high,
Thy seraph look abroad to view,
Thy hermit of the sky,
Thy heart when young nature's ray
Thy purest blooms would bring,
Thy heart round the bowery braid,
Thy earliest of the spring.

heard thee from greenwood shaw,
When summer suns sailed high,
When the rainbow's tints wad fall
Thy glory the sky,
Thy bold bard durst make fold,
Thy azure thine array,
Thy heart in its richest gold,
Thy love, and hope, and joy.

thy heart free as thy wing,
Thy heaven's own favor bliss,
Thy heart never heard the sing,
Thy heart so sweet as this,
Thy welcome from the darksome room,
Thy heart all the earth and sky,
Thy heart from deep amid its gloom,
Thy love, and hope, and joy.

thy heart I've blamed, you in the bower,
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the Ladies' National Magazine.]

THE BOARDER'S CHILD;

WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

was a calm, sunny day, in the
1750; the scene, a piece of
land on the Northern Neck,
Virginia, contiguous to a noble
mass of water. Implements of
fishing were lying about, and
young men, idly reclining under
trees, betokened by their dress
appearance that they compos-
ed party engaged in laying out
old lands of the then frontier
of old Dominion. These per-
haps had apparently just finished
a noonday meal, for the relics
of the banquet were scattered a-
round.

part from the group walked a
young man, evidently superior to
his companions, though there was
nothing obtrusive in his air, which,
on the contrary, was distinguished
by affability. A certain dignity of
manner, however, accompanied him.
Dressed to this, he was of a tall and
compact frame, and moved with the
easy tread of one accustomed to
constant exercise in the open air.
His countenance could not have
been said to be handsome, but it
bore a look of decision and manli-
ness, not usually found in one so
young—over eighteen years of age—
that had been cast off, as if for
comfort, and he had paused, with
his foot advanced, in a natural and
confident attitude, at the moment
that we have introduced him to
the reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek,

Central



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No. 41.

then, another, and then several in
rapid succession. The voice was
that of a woman, and seemed to
proceed from the other side of a
dense thicket. At the first scream
the youth turned his head in the
direction whence the sound pro-
ceeded, but when it was repeated,
he pushed aside the undergrowth
which separated him from it, and
quicken his footsteps as the
cries succeeded each other with
alarming rapidity, he soon dashed
into an open space or "clearing,"
as the borderers even then called
it, on the banks of the stream, in
the centre of which a rude log
cabin stood, whose well-pole pois-
ed over one end, and smoke curled
from the chimney, gave signs of
habitation. As the young man,
with a face flushed by haste, broke
from the undergrowth, he saw his
companions crowded together on
the bank of the river, while in their
midst a woman, from whom pro-
ceeded the shrieks, was visible,
held back by two of the most
athletic of the men, but still strug-
gling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to
make his way through the crowd
and confront the female. The mo-
ment her eyes fell on him she ex-
claimed,

"Oh! sir—will you do something
for me. Make them release me—
for the love of God! My boy—
my poor boy is drowning and they
will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will
jump into the river," said one of
those who held her, as the frantic
mother strove again to break from
his grasp. "The rapids would
dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited
for these words. His eye took in
at a single glance, the meaning of
the sad group. He recollected the
child of the woman, a bold little
fellow of four years old, whose
handsome blue eyes and flaxen
ringlets made him a favorite with
strangers and filled the mother's
heart with pride whenever she
gazed on him. He had been ac-
customed to play, at will, in the
little enclosure before the cabin;

but, this morning, the gate having
been accidentally left open, he had
stolen out when his mother's back
was turned, reached the edge of
the bank, and was in the act of
looking over, when his parent's
eye caught sight of him. The
shriek which she uttered precipi-
tated the catastrophe she feared,
for the child frightened at the cry,
lost his balance, and fell headlong
into the stream, which here went
foaming and roaring along innum-
erable rocks, constituting the
most dangerous rapids known in
that section of the country.

Scream now followed scream in
rapid succession as the agonized
parent rushed to the bank. She
arrived there simultaneously with
the party whom we left reclining
in the shade, and who were scat-
tered about within a few steps of
the scene of the accident. Fortu-
nate was it that they were so near,
else the mother would have plung-
ed in after her child, and both been
lost. Several of the men immedi-
ately approached the brink, and
were on the point of springing in
after the child, when the sight of
the sharp rocks crowding the chan-
nel, the rush and whirl of the wa-
ters, and the want of any knowl-
edge where to look for the boy de-
terred them, and they gave up the
enterprise.

Not so with the youth we have
introduced. His first work was
to throw off his coat: his next to
spring to the edge of the bank.—
Here he stood, for a second, run-
ning his eye rapidly over the scene
below, and taking in, with a glance,
the different currents and the most
dangerous of the rocks, in order
to shape his course by them when
in the stream. He had scarcely
formed his conclusion, when his
gaze rested on a white object in the
water that he knew at once to be
the boy's dress, and while his com-
panions aghast at his temerity,
were prevented, as much by con-
sternation as by the awe with

which he had already inspired
them from interfering, he plunged
headlong into the wild and roaring
rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my
child," gasped the woman, "see—
there he is—oh! my poor boy, my
darling boy, how could I leave
you."

Every one had rushed to the
brink of the precipice, and was
now following, with eager eyes,
the perilous progress of the youth,
as the current bore him onward,
like a feather in the embrace of a
hurricane. Now, seemed as if
he would be dashed against a jut-
ting rock over which the water
flew in foam; and now a whirlpool
would drag him in, from whose
grasp escape would appear impos-
sible. At times the current bore
him under and he would be lost to
sight; then, just as the spectators
gave him up, he would reappear,
though far enough from where he
vanished, still buffeting amid the
vortex. Oh! how that mother's
straining eyes followed him in his
perilous career—how her heart
sank when he went under—and
with what a gush of joy she saw
him emerge again from the waters,
and flinging the waves aside with
his athletic arms, struggle on, in
pursuit of her boy. But it seemed
as if his generous efforts were to
be of no avail, for though the cur-
rent was bearing off the boy before
his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant,
he could not, despite his gigantic
effort, overtake the drowning
child.

On they flew, the youth and the
child; and it was miraculous how
each escaped being dashed to
pieces against the rocks. Twice
the boy went out of sight, and a
suppressed shriek escaped the
mother's lips; but twice he re-ap-
peared, and then, with hands
wrung wildly together and breath-
less anxiety, she followed his pro-
gress, as his unresisting form was
hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to
redouble his exertions, for they
were approaching the most dan-
gerous part of the river, where the
rapids, contracting between the
narrowed shores, shot almost per-
pendicular down a declivity of
fifteen feet. The rush of the wa-
ters at this spot was tremendous,
and no one ventured to approach
its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest
they should be sucked in. What
then would be the youth's fate, un-
less he speedily overtook the
child! He seemed fully sensible
of the increasing peril, and urged
his way now through the foaming
current with desperate strength.

Three several times he was on the
point of grasping the child, when
the waters whirled the prize from
him. The third effort was made
just as they were about entering
within the influence of the current
above the fall, and when it failed,
the mother's heart sunk within her
and she groaned aloud, fully ex-
pecting to see the youth give up
the task. But no! he only press-
ed forward the more eagerly, and
as they breathlessly watched, they
saw, amid the boiling waters, as if
bearing a charmed life, the form of
the brave youth, following close
after that of the boy. And now,
like an arrow from the bow, pur-
suer and pursued shot to the brink
of the precipice. An instant they
hung there distinctly visible amid
the glassy waters, that seemed to
pause on the edge of the decent.—
Every brain grew dizzy at the sight.
But a shout of involuntary exulta-
tion burst from the spectators
when they saw the boy held aloft
by the right arm of the youth—a
shout alas! was suddenly checked
by horror when the rescuer and
rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many mo-
ments elapsed, before a word was
spoken or a breath drawn. Each
of the group felt that to look into
the mother's face was impossible.
She herself had started eagerly for-
ward and now stood on the bank, a
few paces nearer the cataract,
she could command a view of its
foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes

as if her all depended on what the
next moment should reveal. Sud-
denly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed
"see they are safe—Great God, I
thank thee!" and for a moment
wildly turning her face to Heaven,
she hurried with trembling steps a-
the side of the river in the direc-
tion of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and
sure enough there was the youth,
still unharmed, and still buffeting
the waters. He had just emerged
from the boiling vortex below the
cataract. With one hand he held
aloft the child, and with the other
he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they
scarcely knew what they did until
they reached his side, just as he
had struggled to the bank. They
drew him out almost exhausted.—
The boy was senseless—but his
mother declared he still lived as she
pressed him frantically to her bos-
om. His preserver, powerfully
built and athletic as he was, could
scarcely stand, so faint was he
from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes
that followed—the mother's calm-
ness while she strove to resuscitate
her boy, and her wild gratitude
to his preserver when the child
was out of danger and sweetly
sleeping in her arms? Our pen
shrinks at the task. But her words
pronounced then—we may hope
in the spirit of prophecy—were re-
membered afterward by more than
one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said,
"as I cannot. He will do great
things for you in return for this
days work—and the blessings of
thousands, besides mine, will attend
you."

And it was so. For to the hero
of that hour were subsequently
confided the destinies of a mighty
nation. But throughout his long
career, what tended perhaps most
to make him honored and respect-
ed beyond all men, was the self-
sacrificing spirit in the rescue of
that mother's child as in the more
august events of his life, charac-
terized our Washington.

FROM THE OHIO CULTIVATOR.
THE FARMER'S HOME.

If there's a place upon the earth,
Where want and sorrow seldom come,
Where discontentment ne'er had birth,
And peace ne'er leaves the social hearth,
It is the farmer's home.

True independence is a prize,
To those possessing it more dear,
By far more precious in their eyes,
Than any other 'neath the skies;
Alone we find it here.

Let those who foolishly suppose,
That in the city halls alone,
Are always found the 'smartest beaux';
(And thus their ignorance suppose,)—
Visit the farmer's home.

And there they're ever sure to find,
Within the evening circle bright,
As 'stately forms' with hearts & minds
Enriched with gems of choicest kinds,
Lit up with virtue's light.

And others too, there do at night,
Around the social fireside come,
Whose cheeks are red, and eyes bright,
Whose forms are fair, and steps light,
Within the farmer's home.

And yet another home is given,
To us poor mortals here below;
And when from earthly homes driven,
We'll find a better one in Heaven;
Eternal joys to know.

PROVIDENCE IN SMALL
THINGS.

It is a curious coincidence that
the two greatest lawyers of their
day should both have been forced
into the profession by incidental
circumstances. Romilly says, that
what principally influenced his de-
cision was the being thus enabled
to leave his small fortune in his fa-
ther's hands, instead of buying a
sworn clerk's seat with it. "At a
later period of my life—after a
success at the bar which my wildest
and most sanguine dreams had ne-
ver painted to me—when I was
gaining an income of £8,000 or
£9,000 a year—I have often reflect-
ed how all that prosperity had ar-
riven out of the pecuniary difficul-

ties and confined circumstances of
my father." Wedderburn (Lord
Loughborough) began as an advo-
cate at the Scotch bar. In the
course of an altercation with the
Lord President, he was provoked
to tell his Lordship that he had said
as a judge he could not justify as
a gentleman. Being ordered to
make an apology, he refused, and
left the Scotch for the English bar.
What every one thought his ruin,
turned out the best thing that could
happen to him.

"There's a divinity that
Shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

Lord Tenterden's early destina-
tion was changed by a disappoint-
ment. When he and Mr. Justice
Richards were going the home-
circuit, they visited the cathedral at
Canterbury together. Richards
commended the voice of a singing
man in the choir. "Ah," said Lord
Tenterden, "that is the only man
I ever envied. When at school in
this town, we were candidates for a
chorister's place, and he obtained
it." It is now well known that the
Duke of Wellington, when a sub-
altern, was anxious to retire from
the army, and actually applied to
Lord Camden (then Lieutenant of
Ireland) for a commissionership of
customs! It is not always true,
then, that men destined to play
conspicuous parts in the world,
have a consciousness of their com-
ing greatness or patience to bide
their time. Their hopes grow as
their capacity expands with cir-
cumstances; honors on honors ar-
rise like Alps on Alps: in ascend-
ing one they catch a glimpse of an-
other, till the last and highest, which
was veiled in mist when they start-
ed, stands out in bold relief against
the sky.—Edinburg Review.

JOHNATHAN'S HUNTING
EXPEDITION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape
that I and Uncle Zeke had duck-
in' on't one the Connecticut?" asked
Johnathan Timbertoes, while
amusing his old Dutch hostess, who
had agreed to entertain him under
the roof of her log cottage for and
in consideration of, a bran new
tin milk-pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it,"
was the reply.

"Well you must know, that I
and Uncle Zeke took it into our
heads on Saturday afternoon to go
a gunnin' after ducks, in father's
skill; so in we got and skulled down
the river; a proper sight of ducks
flew backwards and forwards, I tell
ye—and a few on'em lit down by
the marsh, and went to feedin' on
muscles. I caught up my peau-
der-horn, to prime, and it slipped
right out of my hand, and sunk to
the bottom of the river. The water
was amazingly clear, and I could
see it on the bottom. Now I
couldn't swim a jot; so I sez to
Uncle Zeke, 'You're a pretty clev-
er fellow, just let me take your
peau-der-horn to prime'—and don't
you think the stingy critter
wouldn't! 'Well,' sez I you're a
pretty good diver, and if you dive
and get it I'll give you a primin'.'
I thought he would leave his peau-
der-horn, but he didn't; but he stuck
it in his pocket, and down he went—
and there he hid."

Here the old lady opened her
eyes with wonder and surprise, and
a pause of some minutes ensued,
when Johnathan added—

"I looked down and what do you
think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady,
"I am sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero,
settin' right on the bottom of the
river, pourin' the peau-der out of my
horn into his'n!"—N. Y. Satur-
day Emporium.

PARSING.—"Jemmy, what is a
member of Congress?" "A mem-
ber of Congress is a common sub-
stantive; agreeing with self-interest
and is governed by \$8 a day under-
stood.—New York Tribune.

Mr. Clay has returned to the
bar, and is again practising the pro-
fession of the law in Lexington.

A DANGEROUS MAN TO BE
AT LARGE.

There's a terrible man somewhere
"down East," who ought not to be
permitted to run loose. He threat-
ens to play the devil and break
things in consequence of his faith-
less gal. If he should happen to
put his threats into execution, the
Lord have mercy upon us! His first
threat, is,

I'll grasp the loud thunder,
With lightning I'll play;
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away.

That's attempting considerable
for one man—however, if he has a
mind to take this responsibility,
and pay damages, let him smash a-
way, we are not afraid. He next
says:

The rainbow I'll straddle
And ride to the moon;
Or in the ocean I'll paddle
In the bowl of a spoon.

That won't hurt anybody. Go
ahead old chap we like to encour-
age a laudable spirit of adventure.

I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow up the rill
I'll eat up the mountain,
And be hungry still.

Goodness gracious! is there no
way to appease his wrath and stay
his stomach? Must we suffer all
this because he and his girl haven't
anything to say to each other at
present! No—nevr! Down with
him we say.

The rain shall fall upwards,
The smoke tumble down.
I'll dye the grass purple
And paint the sky brown.

Hear that! a pretty world this
would be, truly with the rain falling
up, the smoke tumbling down, the
grass dyed purple, and the sky
painted brown! We might as well
live in an old boot with the dirty
sole for the earth beneath, and
brown upper leather for the hea-
vens above.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwinds play
Turn day into night
And sleep it away.

There is no doubt, if he cuts
that caper, the sun will feel as
much put out about it as we shall.
We leave it to the whirlwinds to
say whether they are to be trifled
with or not; and as for his turning
day into night, and sleeping it away
we would just as leave he would
as not—if he can do it.

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The earth I'll physic,
Valencia I'll strangle
Or choke with the phthisis.

Oh! he dare not clinch in with
an old he earthquake, and so he
threatens to flog a "young 'un" of
the neuter gender! Coward why
don't you take one of your size?

The moon I'll smother
With nightmare and we,
For sport at each other
The stars I will throw.

Serves 'em exactly right—they
have no business to be out when
they ought to be 'a bed.

The rocks shall be preachers,
The trees do the singing
The clouds shall be teachers,
And the comets go spicing.

That's all well enough, except
the comets, upon a spree. We
don't like that pretty well.

I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together
And tickle their ribs,
With an ostrich feather.

Oh, crackeys? how he does it!
We didn't think it lay in the giz-
zard of mortal man to do half as
much.

This fellow is mad,
And that you all know
And if old honey had his own,
He'd go down below.

Really, we think such a desper-
ate and dangerous individual ought
to be caught and cast into a
spider's web and safely guarded
by one flea, too mosquitoes and a
vigilant wood louse. There is no
knowing what the chap may do.

The Democratic presses through-
out the Union, are as an unit
in their approval of the principles
set forth in the Inaugural address
of President Polk. We would fill
the whole of our paper with the
flattering encomiums of the public
press. We predict for this excel-
lent State paper a popularity as
lating as the much celebrated In-
augural address of Thomas Jeffer-
son.—Daily Morning Post.

The little daughter of James
Whitfield of Columbus, Miss., was
recently so severely burnt by her
clothes catching fire, that she died
the day following.